

Scrambled Eggs and Sympathy Cards

by Anthony Van Hart

We spent that entire winter with shaky hands and shrunken egos.
Lived off of scrambled eggs and sympathy cards -
internally tattered-
externally shattered.

We'd show up on Vernon Street,
nearly every Tuesday at sundown.
Tired eyes.
And your face-
worn and slightly imprinted from the palms that often harvested
your tears,
and your wrists,
- pressure points -
they still registered last night's scent.

With eager eyes
and unsure footing,
we'd prowl the night
looking for the lost.

